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Two Dollars for one year, in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be deferred three months. All papers going out of the county to be paid for in advance.
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Obituaries and calls on candidates, Fifty Cents per square.
The privilege of yearly advertisements is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of the individual members.
No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.
No advertisements inserted gratuitously.
Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.
Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.

Church Directory.
Presbyterian, Fayetteville—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and at night; Rev Geo. H. Hall, pastor; Sunday school at 8 A. M.
Methodist—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and at night; Rev T. B. Fisher, pastor; Sunday school at 8 o'clock.
Cumberland Presbyterian—no regular pastor; Sunday school at 8.
Methodist, Fayetteville—services 1st Sabbath in each month at 11 and at night; Rev A. G. Gill, preacher in charge; Sunday school at 9.
Union Church, Pleasant Plains—services at Sabbath each month at 11 and night by the Methodist; Rev Mr. Allison, preacher in charge—second Sabbath each month at 11 by the Associate Reformed Presbyterian; Rev A. S. Sloan, pastor; Sunday school at 9.
Methodist, Mulberry—services 3rd Sunday in each month at 11 o'clock and every Sunday night; Rev J. P. Funk, pastor; Sunday school at 9.
Cumberland Presbyterian—services 4th Sunday in each month at 11 o'clock A. M. and at night; Rev N. D. Crawford, pastor; Sabbath school at 9.
Baptist, Mulberry—church session Saturday before 1st Sabbath in each month; services 1st Sabbath at 11; Rev A. Van Hoose, pastor; Sabbath school at 9.
United Presbyterian, Lincoln—services every Sabbath at 11:15 A. M.; Rev J. W. Watt, pastor; Sunday school at 10.
Methodist, Shady Grove (Shelton's creek)—services 4th Sabbath in each month at 11 o'clock; Rev J. C. Funk, preacher in charge.
Cumberland Presbyterian, Oak Grove, (near Fayetteville)—services 4th Sabbath in each month at 11 o'clock; Rev A. W. Sutherland, supply.
Presbyterian, Unity, on the Petersburg road, 6 miles North of Fayetteville, 1st and 3rd Sabbath in each month—also Swan Creek Church, 2nd and 4th Sabbath in each month; Rev J. P. Osborne, pastor.
Cumberland Presbyterian, Cane Creek, on Fishing Ford road, 5 miles North of Fayetteville, 2nd and 4th Sabbath in each month; Rev B. D. Thigert, pastor.
Methodist, Oak Hill—services 4th Sabbath in each month at 11 o'clock; Rev J. P. Funk, pastor.
Cumberland Presbyterian, Oak Hill—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 11 A. M.—no regular pastor.
Presbyterian, Petersburg—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 10 A. M. and night; Rev Allen Woods, pastor.
Methodist—services 2nd Sabbath at 10 A. M.; Rev W. B. Lowery, P. C.
Cumberland Presbyterian—services 4th Sabbath at 10 A. M.; Rev J. B. Warren, pastor.
Union Sunday school at 12 o'clock; prayer meeting Wednesday night.
Mt. Merion, Flintville circuit—services 3rd Sabbath and preceding Saturday; Rev W. A. Gill, preacher in charge.
Macedonia, Flintville circuit—services 4th Sabbath and preceding Saturday; Rev W. A. Gill, preacher in charge.

Mail Directory.
Fayetteville Post-Office.
Railroad—leaves every day except Sunday at 6 A. M.; arrives at 5 P. M. Supplies the following offices: E. No. Lincoln, Pittville, Oregon, George's Store, Elora, Hunt's Station, Salem, Winchester and Decherd.
Shelbyville stage—arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10 A. M.; leaves same days at 2 P. M. Supplies Mulberry, Lynchburg, Booneville, County Line, Shelbyville, Huntsville stage—leaves Monday and Thursday at 9 A. M.; arrives Tuesday and Friday at 4 P. M. Supplies Glasgow, Hales Green, Meridianville and Huntsville.
Shelbyville horse—leaves Mondays and Thursdays at 9 A. M.; arrives Tuesday and Friday at 4 P. M. Supplies Glasgow, Hales Green, Meridianville and Shelbyville.
Palatka horse—arrives every Friday at 12 M.; leaves same day at 12:30. Supplies Cynthiana, Boone Hill, Millville, Pisgah, Bradshaw and Palatka.
Blanche horse—leaves every Friday at 8 A. M.; arrives Saturday at 3 P. M. Supplies Camargo, Molino and Blanche.
Money Orders can be obtained at this office upon post offices in all parts of the United States. A list of Money Order Offices may be seen on application. Rates of commission for Money Orders are as follows:
Not exceeding \$10. 5 cents
Over 10 and not exceeding \$20. . . . 10 do
do 20 do 15 do
do 30 do 20 do
do 40 do 25 do
do 50 do 30 do
Y. R. DOTY, P. M.

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

Proprietor.

Established December 15th, 1850.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1874.

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Gen. Jackson's Weeper.

From the New York Post.

In our remarks a day or two ago upon the forthcoming history of the United States, by Mr. Bryant, we spoke of the material in the way of incident and picture which the subject would afford. Reading the other day of Jackson's visit to New York, about the time of his first inauguration, and just after his wife's death, we were greatly struck with the pictorial qualities of the story. He rode the length of Broadway on horseback, with a long weeper, at that time in fashion in Tennessee, tied around his hat and hanging the length of his back. We have here just one of these pictures so very vivid and important, of which American history is full. There is a chapter of history contained in the photograph. That he should have ridden on horseback instead of in a carriage indicates a peculiarity of the time. The long weeper tied around the white hat—a thing familiar enough in Tennessee, and yet strange enough in New York—recalls the fact that various parts of the country were not so homogeneous as they are at present. Jackson's transcendent and defiant grief, even had he been conscious that his weeper was too long for the fashion in these parts, would have vindicated itself anywhere and before anybody. The weeper recalls the incidents of his wife's early life and his affection for her, both of which exerted a profound influence upon him. It recalls the duel with Dickinson, an encounter which, it seems to us, is one of the most terrible on record.

Transfusion of Blood.

From the St. Louis Republican.

A reporter of the New Orleans Picayune has evidently accomplished a sensation. Near St. Bernard market, in that city, he discovered what appeared to be a spotted negro, but who, upon investigation, proved to be a Norwegian sailor strongly infused with Cambodian blood. While sick in Singapore, many years ago, a physician, to prevent his dying of paralysis, infused into his veins the blood of a Cambodian boatman. It restored animation to his dying frame, renewed his lease of life, but entailed the fearful alternative of a black instead of a white skin. Since then the man has been steadily growing black, and two of his children born since the medical experiment was made are deeply tainted with the Cambodian blood, presenting all the characteristics of the half-breeds of that race. If the *Picayune* reporter's diagnosis of the case is correct, it is possible that a transfusion of blood may do for our colored fellow-citizens what miscegenation has failed to accomplish. The blacks ought to be able to turn white as well as whites black. In that case the time may not be distant when all of our Southern statesmen of the colored classes will be radiant blondes.

The manager of the city street railroad, in New Orleans, recently went through a melancholy operation. Taking a bag containing 47,000 counterfeit nickels, which had been received from passengers, he carried it in a boat to the middle of the river, and there consigned it to a watery grave.

An exchange declares that "Gen. Butler and his personal followers constitute no mean power in a political convention in Massachusetts." No, but they constitute everything else that is mean, no matter where they are.

A tax collector in Scott county, Va., was shot while levying on a cow, but lived long enough to write a handbill offering \$100 reward for the capture of his murderer.

Using a cancelled postage stamp caused a man to be fined \$500 and costs in the United States District Court the other day in Utica.

Coming South.

The following from the Knoxville *Chronicle* explains some of the reasons why emigrants do not seek Middle Tennessee for their future homes. We heard of one or two instances where emigrants have been swindled in buying land in Middle Tennessee, but it was by men who came here during the war, bought up poor land for a mere song, returned home North and sold the same land at a good price. Even the title to such land was frequently worthless. As for the people, they gladly welcome all honest and industrious emigrants, and reports circulated to our prejudice are by persons who made their temporary residence here for the purpose of plunder and robbery.

A private letter from an intelligent gentleman in Ohio informs us that quite a large number of farmers from Carroll and adjoining counties in Ohio are immigrating to Southeastern Virginia, most of them Charlotte County. They sell their hill farm in Ohio at fifty dollars per acre, and buy in Virginia at from twelve to fifteen dollars per acre. Our correspondent says, one acquaintance, a few days ago, bought seven hundred acres in the county named, at \$14.50 per acre. He says, "the men who have left this vicinity are good men, good intelligent farmers, and will make it go all right for themselves and family." The only part of the letter we regret is that he says: "It is not much encouragement to talk East Tennessee to them, because four or five of our farmers went to Middle Tennessee some years ago and all came back disliking the country and people." The writer spent part of the past winter in Knoxville and thinks highly of our section and people. The misfortune about those who went to Middle Tennessee was that they selected a bad county and went soon after the war, when violence was too common. We know, personally, farmers, who went to the section referred to, and all went back North disheartened and very sore. Their treatment has not only hurt Middle, but the whole of Tennessee. It is unfortunate, but the evil seeds have about all been gathered, and there is a better future before us.

A Famous Apple Tree.

There is an apple tree standing in a lot adjoining the house of Rev. J. W. Canter, at Huntersville, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, which has become historical, marking the spot where General R. E. Lee pitched his first tent during the late war. Early in the summer of 1861, General Lee was ordered to the command of the forces in West Virginia—Leaving Richmond, he came to Warm Springs the first day, and on the day following reached Huntersville, where, for the first time in the war, he bivouacked on the tented field, selecting the aforementioned apple tree, which stands on a hill overlooking the town, as the place where his tent should be pitched. It is a singular coincidence that Gen. Lee should have commenced his military career under an apple tree among the mountains of West Virginia, and have closed that brilliant career by capitulating to Grant under an apple tree at Appomattox. And what is more singular, as an incident connected with the war, John Brown, who commenced this war, was "hung on a sour apple tree," and it is said that the forbidden fruit which mother Eve partook of was taken from an apple tree; and now, to cap the climax, agents for the sale of apple trees are becoming as numerous as lightning rods and sewing machine agents.

Two Irishmen were trudging along a road in Maine, when one of them spied a fingerboard that read "Twelve miles to Portland." "Just six miles apace," said the other and walked on contentedly.

A Detroit paper, noting the fact that a man lately dropped dead while combing his hair, says: "And yet there are people who persist in the dangerous habit."

Bound by Bank Burglars.

Story of an Attempted Bank Robbery as Told by an Unwilling Witness—A Cool Proceeding. Letter to New York Sun.

SUSQUEHANNA DEPOT, April 30.—A few nights ago James Aitken, jeweler, entered his shop in New Milford, in this county, about 11 o'clock. His store is next door to the Savings Bank, divided from it by a thin partition. Filling his pipe he sat down by the stove and soon fell asleep. He was awakened by a side door of his shop being forced open with a crash, and two masked men stood before him.

"Have you anything to do with the Savings Bank?" asked one of the men.

"No!" replied the astonished jeweler.

"Well, we've come to rob this bank, and we'll give you \$100 to assist us, if you won't give us away."

Mr. Aitken began to recover his composure. "I won't have anything to do with it. I'm an honest man, and if I wasn't I wouldn't come here to rob a bank."

"Well," said the masked man, drawing a revolver, "I'm a thief, and if you open your head I'll blow it off."

The burglars then handcuffed Mr. Aitken, gagged him, and fastened him in his chair. Going out of the front door of the shop, they broke down the door of the bank. They carried Aitken into the bank, and sat him in a little room back of the safe, where he could see all their operations.

Half the room occupied by the jeweler's shop is used by Robert Minton as a tailor shop. The burglars brought into the bank from the tailor's twenty rolls of cloth, which they spread around the safe. Then they bored a hole in the outer door of the safe and blew it open with powder. The inside door was served in the same way. Each time the fuse was fired the two burglars hastened out doors to await the result of the explosion, while the terrified Aitken sat within four feet of the safe, unable to move.

When the door had been opened sufficiently to disclose to the burglars a pile of greenbacks, but not wide enough to permit of their being taken, and as they were preparing another charge, a third robber, whom Aitken had not seen before, hurried into the bank and excitedly told his companions that they must hurry away. The watcher had seen a man emerge from a house opposite and go to his barn, and smoke was ascending from his chimney. The oaths of the burglars were fearful to hear, Aitken says, as they in vain tried to thrust their hands through the crack in the door to grasp the treasure, and tugged and pulled at the door to wrench it off. Tearing some strips from a roll of cloth they bound Aitken more firmly and hurried away.

Aitken succeeded in loosening his feet from the chair, and wrenched the back of it off. His feet were bound so he could not step but two inches at a time, but he shuffled out of the bank into the middle of the road, where he in some way got the gag out of his mouth and alarmed Russell, the blacksmith. The burglars were traced to near Montrose.

Aitken says that they were very bold in their operations. They broke in the bank door with a sledge hammer, and the reports of their blasts in the safe were loud enough to be heard half a block away. A piece of iron weighing three pounds was forced off the safe by one of the blasts. It went whizzing close by Aitken's head up through the chimney, breaking a three-inch studding and loosening the outside boards. Clocks in the jewelry store crashed to the floor from their shelves at every report. Through the aperture in the safe-door a boy asept put his hand through and took out \$1,500.

"Letting off sleep," is a little boy's definition of snoring.

Choice Poetry.

THE MODEL CHURCH.

Dear wife, I've found the model church! I worshipped there to-day: It made that of good old times before my hair was gray:

The meeting-house was fixed up more than they were years ago, But then, I felt when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me 'way back by the door;

He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor; He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through

The long aisle of the crowded church, to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singing—it had an old time ring:

The preacher said with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing!"

The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled, Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire, I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,

And sung, as if in youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more; I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;

I almost went to lay aside this weather-glass, as if in youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

The sermon! Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said; I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read,

He hadn't time to read it, for the lightning of his eye, Went passing from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple and plain; It fitted poor old me like me, it fitted hopeful youth;

'Twas full of consolation to weary hearts that bleed; 'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place! How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face!

Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend, "Where congregations never break up and Sabbaths have no end."

I hope to meet that minister—the congregation too— In the dear home beyond the skies that shone from heaven's blue;

I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray, The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be won; The dear home is just ahead, the race is nearly won;

'O'er the river we are nearin' they are throngin' to the shore, To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more!

An exchange tells us that Queen Victoria will be fifty-five years of age on the 21st of May. Rather uppish in point of years certainly; but she has been so careful of her pounds, shillings and pence, that among as unmarried men she is by no means an uninterested widow even at that age.

"It is a settled principle, your honor," said an eminent lawyer, "that causes always produce effects." "They always do for the lawyers," blandly responded the Judge. "I've sometimes known a single cause to deprive a client of all his effects."

A man at Sturgis, Mich., recently lost his only child, and, carrying it on his shoulder to the cemetery, buried it himself and pronounced a funeral oration over the grave, with but one old woman to hear it.

An affected young lady, on being asked, in a large company, if she ever read Shakespeare, assumed a look of astonishment and replied: "Read Shakespeare! Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

During a recent freshet in Connecticut, an editor telegraphed to another at the scene of action, "Send me full particulars of the flood." The answer came, "You'll find them in Genesis."

"Don't a Quaker ever take off his hat to any one, mamma?" "No, my dear." "If he don't take off his hat to a barber, how does he have his hair cut?"

The Boston *Post* says: "The decline in the whaling business is thought to be owing to the abolition of corporal punishment in the schools."

Prayers to Order.

The performances of the Chaplain of the Senate,—who leaves his petitions to the throne of grace, with all sorts of worldly matters, and who, instead of praying for the spiritual reformation of wicked Senators as he is paid for doing, blasphemes his holy office by side hits at the independent press,—have not only received severe criticism from the secular newspapers of the country, but have come under the notice of his ministerial brethren. The *Western* (Pittsburgh) *Methodist*, thus cautiously comments on one of his last prayers:

"Chaplain Sunderland, of Washington City, is a sort of heavenly wire puller. He excels that North pole prayer builder, his predecessor, Chaplain Newman. It seems that, somewhere in the funeral services of Senator Sumner, Chaplain Sunderland ventured to ask blessings upon the officers of the Government, and then, on the way toward Boston to the burial, it occurred to the distinguished petitioner to the Throne of Grace, that he had forgotten the Vice-President. No doubt the Lord would have overlooked any little omission like that, but Sunderland's prayer was directed to the newspapers as well as to Heaven; indeed, possibly, rather more toward the press than the Throne. And, ruminating upon the look of the thing in print, rather than expecting an answer from the skies, Chaplain Sunderland telegraphed horizontally to Washington to the printers to type in the Vice-President. Whether he sent the same supplementary petition vertically in such way as to overtake the New Jerusalem message, is not known."

Entangling Alliances.

The Good Templar, of Nashville, the official organ of the Independent Order of Good Templars in this State, has the following paragraph in its issue of April 23d:

"We have received several communications from our lodges making inquiries concerning a circular issued by the executive committee of the Labor Reform party, calling upon the party to send delegates to meet with them in this city on the first Tuesday in May, 1874, to nominate a candidate for Governor. While we feel kindly towards all orders of reform, and are willing to do all in our power, honorably, to suppress the liquor traffic and to advance the cause of reform, we do not think it a wise policy for our order to become entangled in the meshes of political parties, in order to promote the cause of temperance. Therefore, we cannot give our consent for the lodges to send delegates to meet with any political convention to nominate candidates for State officers."

Circular Prices Held to be Binding.

The United States District Court of St. Louis had before it recently a case involving the binding character of trade circulars containing offers to furnish goods at certain prices without limitation as to time. In February, 1873, Hall, Kimbark & Co., of Chicago, sent circulars through the country by mail, offering to furnish pair car springs for \$2 per pair. Mr. George D. Hall, of St. Louis, ordered 3,000 pairs of the springs by telegraph immediately after the receipt of the circular, but the Chicago firm refused to fill the order, as the wholesale price had in the meantime advanced about twenty cents per pair. Mr. Hall brought suit for damages and was awarded \$1,350, being the difference between the price of the circular and the price when the Chicago firm refused to accept the order, the court holding that merchants are bound to fill orders received within a reasonable time in reply to circulars offering goods at a fixed price, and without limitation as to time.

A haunted distillery is frightening the inhabitants of Waynesboro, Pa.

Suicide in a Fiery Furnace.

The *Seranton* (Pa.) *Republican* of a recent date says: "The men working on the night shift at the blast furnace of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company were horrified at one of the most shocking cases of self-destruction that has ever occurred in this city. The victim of the suicide was a young man named Theodore Marone, who, while the workmen at No. 5 furnace were enjoying a short respite from their labors, took advantage of the temporary absence and plunged into the seething furnace, which was at the time at a white heat. His cries at the time attracted the attention of one of the workmen named Duffy, who, together with his companions, ran to the furnace and looked down, only to see Marone gyrating amid the liquid fire, and waving his hands and feet in the most intense agony. A long handle shovel was lowered to him, but he was unconscious of its presence. One man ran immediately and stopped the blast, but human aid was of no avail to save the unfortunate man in the furnace, and he was dragged up as quickly as possible by means of a large hook, a charred, disfigured, and unrecognizable mass. He could not have been in the furnace above a few minutes, as his first shriell cry was heard by the workmen who hastened to his assistance, but the intense heat of the place was sufficient to destroy life if he had been there only a second. Marone was a native of Pomarr, East Prussia, where his father occupied a position as professor in one of the gymnasiums or schools of the place, in which Theodore was also employed as a teacher. He was subsequently engaged in the war that occurred between Prussia and Austria, and emigrated to this country about four years ago."

A Curious Suit.

The case of a New York insurance company vs. the Pennsylvania Railroad, for damages alleged to be caused to Dr. Rutherford's barn, at Middletown, from sparks from a locomotive on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, having been decided adversely to the Railroad Company, will be appealed to the Supreme Court. The barn was insured in a New York fire insurance company. The company paid Dr. Rutherford the insurance, but demanded the amount paid the Doctor from the railroad company as damages. The latter refused to pay and the insurance company brought suit against the railroad company in New York and attached their property to the amount due them. The railroad company claimed, first, that they did not set fire to the barn; that their engines were of the most approved pattern; and, second, if they did cause the fire, it was because straw and other dry, inflammable stuff was scattered negligently around the barn, and this should defeat any recovery on the ground of negligence on the part of the owner of the barn; and, finally, that no suit could be brought in the name of the insurance company for a part of the loss, but the action must be brought in the name of the owner of the barn for the entire loss.

The average Burlington, Iowa, saloon keeper must be bad indeed. A learned divine in that city recently addressed one of them as follows: "Wretched man! If the bed of that river was bank high with the suds of salvation, and a June rise of piety coming down from the mountain, there wouldn't be enough to wash your feet."

The Price of a Cow's Tail Judicially Determined.

[Glenville (Ky.) Letter to Columbia Spectator.]

In my last I promised to give you the particulars of the Hadley-Turner cow trial. There was some trouble in procuring a jury, as the parties could agree on no number less than twelve; but our indefatigable constable soon had the requisite number, and the trial commenced. It seems that Turner's dog had bitten off Hadley's cow's tail, and there was conflict in the testimony as to whether the dog was acting on his own free will or whether he was obeying the commands of his master. The jury would have been troubled to make a verdict had it not been for the very explicit instructions of his Honor, the court.

I regret that I cannot give you a verbatim copy of the instructions; as it is, I can only report from a very treacherous memory. I think, however, they will answer all necessary purposes.

1. The court instructs the jury that if they believe from the evidence beyond the influence of a reasonable doubt plaintiff's cow's tail was bitten off by defendant's dog, they should find for the plaintiff, and assess his damages at such sum as they think that the tail was proven to be reasonably worth, not to exceed the amount claimed in the petition.

2. The court further instructs the jury that if they believe from the evidence that the dog was acting on his own responsibility, and not under the control of the defendant, then the case partakes necessarily of a proceeding *in rem*, and they must find for the defendant and against the dog.

3. The court, at the instance of defendant's attorney, further instructs the jury that a cow knoweth not the value of a tail until she loses it, and, in assessing the damages, they have a right to take into consideration all the facts and circumstances in the case; the disadvantages as well as the advantages of a cow's tail; the value to the cow; the information gained by the loss of the tail, and deduct said sum from the total assessment.

The jury retired and returned with a verdict in the world and figures following, to-wit: "We, the jury, find for the plaintiff one dollar and fifty cents. Sam. Potts, foreman."

Walking on the Railroad Track.

A common and most dangerous custom is that of walking on railroad tracks, and what is more it has been declared by the court of appeals in Maryland to be unlawful. A man named Lewis Frech was walking on the track of the Port Deposit branch of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad some time since when he was struck by the cars and had one arm cut off. He sued for damages but lost his suit, the court saying that a "man walking on the railroad track as Frech, was there unlawfully and the agents of the railroad company in charge of the train, having given all the usual and proper signals to warn persons of their approach, were not required to stop the train on discovering Frech on the track. Having the right to clean the track the company's agents were justified in acting on the reasonable supposition that the plaintiff would be guided by his own sense of danger, and would leave the track before overtaken by the train after the signal of danger was given."

The Worcester *Spy*, a Republican journal, tells what did it in this pithy sentence: "The salary grab, the Sanborn contract, the broken promises of civil service reform, the appointment of Simmons and such as he, the subservience of the President to Butler, the inflation policy of Congress—these things have exhausted the patience of Connecticut Republicans."

The young folks in Newark, Ohio, had a dance for the benefit of a church, and cleared \$50.—The church declined the money because it was received for dancing. Then it was offered to another church, but the dancers were again repulsed in the same way and for the same reason, and the money is yet on hand—the dancers being unable to get rid of it.

An exchange says: "Keep an eye out for the cat's resumption of specie payment." To which a Southern paper responds: "Both our eyes are already out looking for it, and so are our elbows."

Men who are hungry for damages should take warning from the luck of a Cincinnati man. He was called a "dead beat" and the jury said that hurt him just seven cents' worth.